



Bloody Sugar

A HIMIKO TOGA ZINE

The background is white and decorated with various illustrations. At the top left, there's a pink candy with a bite taken out of it, with red liquid dripping from the top. Next to it is a round, light-colored candy with a spiral pattern and a slice of orange on top. To the right is a large, glossy red heart on a stick, with a slice of orange and a drop of red liquid nearby. Further right is a small, round, light-colored candy with a slice of orange. At the bottom right, there's a large, round, light-colored candy with a slice of orange. There are also several small, red, horizontal lines scattered around, resembling blood or candy sticks.

THE MODERATORS AND CONTRIBUTORS OF

Bloody Sugar

A HIMIKO TOGA ZINE

THANK YOU!

for supporting Bloody Sugar: A Himiko Toga Zine.

We are thrilled to share our hard work with you and appreciate your support of this project. This is Bloody Sugar's main zine. You can expect general and teen-rated art and stories about Himiko and her friends. Throughout this zine, there are references and depictions of blood, knives, and canon-typical violence.

You can learn more about our Bloody Sugar contributors on Tumblr at bloodyсахimikotoga.tumblr.com

Bloody Sugar is a fan-driven project inspired by the works of Kohei Horikoshi. Please do not sell or print this zine.



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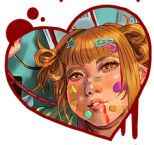
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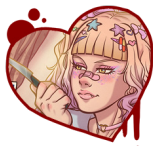


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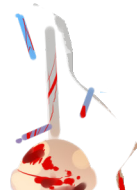
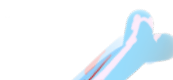
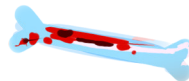


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NONBUNNY
2020







THE HAND YOU'RE DEALT (ISN'T THE END)

written by *DrAphra*

collab art by *r_azio*

Himiko wakes to the sound of a beeping monitor and a light shining in her eyeball. Given the awful, bottomless levels of pain she's feeling, she actually wishes she could crawl back into the sweet nothingness she'd just come from.

"... looks like her body is responding well enough to the treatment..."
someone's voice floats in over the continuous beeping noise. *"With her quirk... curious to see..."*

...Curious...

The voices fade in and out, but that one word sticks in Himiko's mind, niggling at memories that are tied to quite a bit of pain. In particular, her right eye throbs inside its socket, making it hard to think.

What happened? She wonders, fighting against the heavy pull on her bones. Blood moves sluggishly throughout her body, dulling her desire for the iron she usually feels right beneath her skin.

Did mommy and daddy have me drugged again?

Some tiny, fearful part of her brain hitches like a sucked-in breath at the question, and a distant staccato beeping ticks faster. A heart rate monitor? *Another hospital.*

“Ahhh, is Toga-chan gonna be okay?” a familiar voice asks near the foot of her bed. **“I’m not worried, Toga-chan is too badass to die.”**

Oh, it’s Jin, she realizes, body relaxing almost instantly. Jin means the League, and the League means safety, as far as *she’s* concerned. No more parents, unless she counts Kurogiri.

Darkness as black as the mist man’s quirk presses against her consciousness before she can remember that Kurogiri, too, is gone.



Jin’s voice ebbs in and out the most, breaking through frightening memories of harsh lights and uncaring hands. He chats about anything and everything, but with the pain meds she’s on, it’s difficult to parse which side is talking at any given time. Not that it really matters. She’s content to be lulled by a familiar voice that doesn’t intend to cause her harm. It’s nice.

Spinner’s more nasally drawl comes in intervals too, talking about how much has happened with the League and how he hopes she’s okay. He lets his chivalrous side show when he apologizes for not being there to help her out.

It’s the first time anyone’s apologized for leaving her on her own.

Himiko thinks she hears Mr. Compress making jokes by her bedside. They’re all *incredibly* corny, and he gets scolded when he wrings a weak laugh from her.

Once, she thinks she feels a hand resting on her forearm, but she doesn’t remember knowing anyone with three metal fingers.

Each visit reminds her a little more of who she is *now*. She’s Toga Himiko: a villain, a member of the League, a survivor.

And she has a new family.



When she wakes next, Himiko remembers quite a bit more. Fleeing after Kamino. Losing Kurogiri. Fighting alongside Tomura for months. Deika city...

The fight with Curious.

It still hurts to move. Hurts even more now that she's fully conscious, and it makes Himiko stifle a cry as she tries to pull herself upright in bed. Fanged teeth dig into her lower lip, and her grip on the cool steel bed rail is white-knuckled.

Sweat beads across her forehead, trickling into the bandage around her eye, but it's worth it to sit up. Laying down like that, feeling pinned by the weight of painkillers and gravity, brings back too many memories.

She offers the empty room a shaky smile and whispers, "Now if I had Ochako-chan's quirk, that would be really nice."

It's not much of a comfort, but the thought of floating alongside the cute UA student perks her up enough to get moving.

Her hospital gown clings to her back with sweat, and the cords hooking her to her IV stand confuse her for a minute. Eventually, she's vertical, and despite her one functional eye that refuses to focus, she can see the door.

She probably shouldn't be moving.

She's pretty sure the doctors mentioned, more than once, that any extraneous movements could put strain on the veins that had barely recovered from being *exploded* inside of her. But that meant more time trapped in her room, staring at the ceiling and remembering things she would much rather not. However, while her friends came to comfort her regularly, they were often busy with the new alliance.

Himiko grimaces slightly, still not sure how she feels about the alliance. Shuffling into the unfamiliar hallway, she pushes the thought away.

There's no way she can make it more than a few hundred feet, and since she has no idea where anything is, it's pointless to go wandering. Still, the need for freedom far outweighs her discomfort, and Jin *had* said Dabi was nearby, also confined to his room.

Himiko clutches her IV stand with a death grip and staggers her way to the nearest door.

The fact that it's sweltering inside is the first indication that she's nailed her search on the first try. The second indication is the bored, oh-so-familiar drawl.

"What are you doing here?"

It's Dabi alright, sitting up in his hospital bed, swathed in bandages and eyeing her coolly.

"Aww, Dabi," she whines, wheeling her IV stand in and trying to hide how badly her knees are shaking. "I was bored, and Jin-kun said you were nearby! How did *you* get so beat up?"

Dabi snorts, "Could ask the same of you if Twice hadn't been in every ten minutes hollering about you." His eyes narrow. "You're not supposed to be up."

It's the closest thing Himiko's ever heard to concern from the villain, but between the heat of the room and the trek to get here, she's feeling too dizzy for a snappy comeback.

"Toga?"

Dabi sits up straighter, but Himiko waves vaguely for him not to get up. She can do this much on her own.

The five feet to the edge of the bed feel more like a mile, but once she's off her feet, the room stops spinning—marginally. It clears her head enough that she can lean her chin into the heel of her hand.

"I'm fine~" she sing-songs, before glancing up at him imploringly. "Might feel better after a taste of blood, though..."

Dabi arches an eyebrow. "Don't have any / can spare, so no." Still, he reaches over to his bedside table and grabs a glass of water for her.

She looks at him a little cross-eyed, reading between the grumpy lines. "You're anemic?"

The villain snorts. "Among other things. Keep your fangs to yourself."

Himiko smiles weakly and accepts the glass. Water isn't nearly as tasty as good old fashioned plasma, but helps clear her vision. Or at least, she *thinks* it does. That or the air around Dabi is *shimmering*.



Curious, she rests the back of her hand against his sheet-covered shin and immediately jerks back with a hiss.

“Dabi, you’re—”

“Confined to bed for a reason,” Dabi says dryly. “Not really safe company right now either.”

He jerks his chin toward the door, clearly indicating she should leave, but Himiko’s body aches at the thought of walking back to her room. Besides, Dabi’s raspy voice is a lot nicer than the ones in her head.

“Does it hurt?” she asks in lieu of answering, eyeing Dabi’s bony kneecap poking through the white sheets. Prepared for the heat this time, she prods at it, the pad of her finger scalding like she’s jabbed the inside of a stove.

“Don’t *touch*,” Dabi snaps, jerking his leg away. The motion makes his face go white, and Himiko feels the first stirrings of thirst at the obvious flow of blood under his skin.

While she loves Dabi, it’s not like *that*. She doesn’t want to become him or see him hurt. So, she uses one of her old quirk therapy techniques, popping her reddened finger into her mouth to suck on while feeling the pulse of her own blood against her tongue. It’s not nearly as satisfying, but it takes the edge off.

Dabi watches her cautiously. Himiko smiles around her finger.

The stare-off continues while Himiko muses on how long it’s been since she actually got to participate in one. Maybe back in middle school? With her little brother? Dabi caves first, almost literally, as he slumps back into his pillows, hair poofing out in an unholy mess around his disgruntled face.

“Yes, it hurts,” he admits. “Feels like someone poured lava under my skin. Ain’t great. Kinda like having your veins popped all up inside you.” The last bit is said sarcastically, and Himiko grins.

“At least it’s all where it’s supposed to be. Not like that guy at the camp — you know the one? Who smushed your clone? He could use his blood *outside* his body.”

“Gross,” Dabi says succinctly. “Imagine all the dirt he’s gotta filter out. Bet his kidneys would make a killing on the black market.”

Himiko giggles at the thought, almost surprised. Who knew Dabi had a sense of humor? She always assumed he was too emo for that.

“He’s definitely not as cool as Stain-sama,” she says knowingly, and Dabi nods slightly, eyes half-lidded in thought. Companionable silence reigns, interrupted only by the beeps of their heart monitors. Hers is much slower—positively sluggish—and she can feel the drowsiness to match trudging through her veins.

“Is that why you like him so much?” Dabi asks eventually. “Because you both have blood-related quirks?”

Himiko yawns widely.

“Not really,” she answers sleepily. “More like...” She flutters a hand, trying to convey what she means. “Everyone in school always had a hero to look up to, ya know? But I never found one that was like me until Stain-sama. And if there were another person like me out there, I couldn’t be the wrong one.”

Dabi chews on that while Himiko yawns again, drawing her feet up and wrapping her arms around her shins, careful not to touch Dabi’s furnace-like skin.

In the warmth of the room, with the lulling beep of the heart monitors, Himiko's head sags into her knees. Outside the window, she can hear birds chirping. Little treats tweeting away just out of reach.

"Guess you're not so crazy after all," Dabi murmurs from far away.

She doesn't register the moment she falls asleep, and for the first time in a while, bad dreams don't follow her into the abyss.



Waking in her own hospital room is confusing at first, but it's much easier to rise and shuffle her way to Dabi's room than it was the first time. He even seems to be expecting her, if the resigned acceptance written on his face is anything to go by.

"Hey, it's not so icky in here today," Himiko notes brightly upon entering the much-cooler room.

Dabi huffs.

"Finally got my medication in. Ain't easy to get ahold of, and Ujiko was being stingy."

"Stingy about *you*?" she teases, easing herself down onto the foot of Dabi's bed. He doesn't even put up a token protest. "That old mustache man loves you, though."

Dabi shudders. "Don't remind me."

Himiko almost asks again, thinking it'll keep the conversation going, when Dabi reaches over to his side table stiffly and picks up a deck of cards. Her eyebrows go up in surprise for a handful of reasons.

First being that... Dabi had expected her to be back and had apparently prepared for it. Second being that he was willing to entertain her at all. And third...

“You never said what happened in your fight,” she probes, eyeing the bandages wrapped around Dabi’s torso. “If you get to be a mummy, can I be a vampire?”

Dabi glares, unimpressed, and flicks a card at her.

The rounded corner smacks her in the forehead, and Himiko almost giggles. It’s been a while since someone threw something *harmless* at her.

“Geten happened,” Dabi says succinctly, continuing to deal cards between them. “He’s a prick with big ideas about quirk supremacy. Feel free to stab him whenever.”

Himiko *does* giggle at that, picking up her cards and filing them together randomly.

“I used to play cards with my little brother and sister,” she confides as Dabi deals. The thought brings a strange smile to her face; it’s been a while since she thought about them or how they’re doing. “I watched them when my parents were out at their jobs.”

Dabi doesn’t say anything as he turns up a six of clubs, on which he lays a six of diamonds. Himiko recognizes the game and lays down a four of the same suit while memories of another hospital, experimental quirk-suppressant drugs, and her siblings sitting across from her playing cards linger in the back of her mind.

“It’s funny, right?” she continues, laying down another card and pouting when Dabi changes the suit. “Me, having a family?” She hears a soft snort and smiles.

“But I like being free to do as I please,” she affirms, her bright eye flicking up to meet Dabi’s. No point in showing a soft spot that still bleeds if she’s not willing to show her fangs too. “And the League is my family now.” She maintains eye contact as she slaps down her last card, grinning wide.

Dabi pulls a face at her victory before his expression shifts to thoughtfulness. He takes his time responding while he reshuffles the cards.

“I get it,” he says eventually. His gaze is distant, like he’s following the same trail of blood back to his past that she is.

Himiko doesn’t press him for more, deciding she’s much more in the mood to tease the flame villain for losing the next three rounds.



The next time Himiko wakes up in her own bed, she doesn’t even have time to be disoriented before the smell of homemade food hits her nose.

“Hmm, is that beef?” she asks, sniffing the air. “And... spinach?” Her eyebrows crinkle, trying to place the scent.

“Both high in iron, apparently,” Dabi’s bored voice comes back. She peeks her good eye open and sees him sitting awkwardly in his hospital gown and bandages, one hand braced on his IV pole and the other cracking open a tupperware. Outside, the sun is just coming up, and the birds are starting their morning song.

The implications take a second to sink in, then Himiko’s cheeks bunch into a grin.

“Dabi-kun, did you break into the kitchens for me?”

He gives her a flat look and tosses the lid onto the floor.

“Getting tired of their shitty food here,” he grumbles. “Made too much, though.”

She doesn’t believe that for one second. But he’s sliding the little tub of steaming food at her, and her mouth waters so badly she can’t find it in herself to tease. Not yet, anyway.

“Mmm, this is so *good*,” she groans. “Dabi-kun, have you been hiding skills from us?”

The flame villain snorts and leans gingerly back into the stiff hospital seat.

“As many as I can. Otherwise, you lazy fuckers would have me doing everything.”

Himiko sputters out a laugh, and a smirk pulls at Dabi’s lips.

“Your doctor brought you back last night,” he informs her. “Told me to quit inviting you over, unless you *want* your veins collapsing.” Himiko squints at him, entirely unrepentant, and Dabi sighs.

“I’ll see about getting you some shit to keep you entertained.”



He keeps his word, sort of. Entertainment arrives in the form of Jin and Spinner in the morning. They explain that Dabi’s getting his bandages changed and more burn cream applied, but that he’ll be over later. Himiko hums thoughtfully at the news, then bends her head together with Spinner and Twice, concocting a plan.

By the time Dabi shows up an hour later wrapped in fresh white gauze and wearing a bemused expression, Himiko has perfected her expression of innocence.

“You wanna tell me why Twice and Spinner came by with a shit-ton of knives and swords, asking me which one I wanted?”

Himiko blinks up at him, prepared to deny any involvement, but the sheer confusion on his face breaks her before she can even start. Giggling helplessly, she barely gets out the words ‘Stain’ and ‘bandages.’

Dabi’s expression deadpans for a full ten seconds before Himiko notices his IV stand shaking slightly. It’s followed by a snort, then actual *laughter*.

She grins up at him as he clutches the pole for support and wheezes, her cheeks flushing with something like victory.

It isn’t until Dabi’s stopped snickering that he looks up, blue eyes amused and posture relaxed, that she realizes she’s actually become comfortable around him. Like he’s the older brother she never had.

“Not exactly the way Stain would have wanted us carrying out his will,” he says, wheeling his stand over to sit at the end of her bed. “But for the record, I’m leaving the knife schtick to you.”

Himiko beams. “I’ve also got the blood quirk.”

“Then I’ll just have to be the brains, I guess,” he smirks.

Even as she chucks a pillow at his face, Himiko warms at the idea carrying out Stain’s will *together*.



By the time they're all back on their feet and strong enough to face their once-enemies, now-allies, Himiko feels like she can take on the world.

She glances at Dabi as they stride toward the stage, and he smirks back, tilting his head in acknowledgment. Which is, she realizes, all she'd ever really wanted. To be acknowledged and accepted just the way she is.

Grinning back at him and then around at the other members of the League, she knows she's found her place.

Her home.

Her *family*.



And she's not going to give them up for all the world.











BECOMING BESTIES

written by *ohmoka*

collab art by *s_holdthebus*

No funny business. No stabbing. Toga is supposed to keep an eye on Bakugou while simultaneously “leaving him the hell alone.” It’s like asking the sky to be a color other than blue or blood not to be red and rich.

For some annoying reason, every last member of the League is out, which means Toga is to watch their *guest*. There shouldn’t be a “hard part” to this task; Bakugou is shackled and not going anywhere until he agrees to join their happy, little family. Toga can kick back and relax. She doesn’t even need to pay him any mind — but she does.

In many ways, he’s a lot like her. His quirk makes people uneasy, which, when combined with his personality, pegs him as a villain. He has boundless passion, isn’t afraid to speak his mind, seems to have a significant interest in Deku-kun, and wants to live how he pleases. Oh, and he’s blond! So, on paper, Bakugou Katsuki is the perfect candidate to be Toga’s new best friend. Plus, his eyes look like twin pools of freshly spilled blood.

So, as Toga perches on a barstool eyeing Bakugou, she can’t help the desire that bubbles up in her chest, begging her to investigate the matter. Talking to him couldn’t hurt any. Besides, Tomura-kun would be none the wiser. A giggle escapes Toga as the thought crosses her dangerously bored mind.

Across the bar, Bakugou is watching her. His stare has a physical weight that Toga can *feel*/ whenever his eyes are on her. Knowing that he's paying attention to her only fuels her eagerness to remove his gag. The first time they'd removed it, he'd spit nothing but obscenities and death threats. It was a truly passionate display, and Toga flushes at the memory of it.

With unflinching curiosity, Toga eyes Bakugou's restraints. His legs are bound to his chair, his chest strapped to the back, and his hands are locked in heavy, quirk-canceling cuffs. All tied up like an angry present, Bakugou would be easy to slice. It's an even more tempting desire than the one to ungag him.

Does 'no stabbing' mean no slicing? Tomura-kun really ought to have specified that because it really isn't clear. Pouting, Toga slips off her barstool and drapes herself over the counter. She rests her cheek on the bar and counts to ten. Then, she counts again. For sixty seconds, she tries to hold herself back, but her efforts aren't enough.

"Gosh," Toga groans, pushing herself off the counter.

Bakugou's expression doesn't shift, but his eyes flash wider. He's gone from passively watching Toga to scrutinizing her like a hawk would a mouse. It's not the kind of look that Toga's playthings usually give her — not at all. Typically, their faces are distorted by what Toga calls *excitement* and others call *fear*.

Bakugou, though, defies all expectations. It's utterly delightful. Toga knows he'll be more fun to toy with than any of the others before. In fact, it's the driving force that brings her to stand before him, knife in hand.

"We're going to be *best friends*," she states, beaming down at him.

By nature, Toga is excitable, but her usual levels of enthusiasm can't hold a candle to the hot rush of glee she feels when making a new friend, especially if it's Bakugou — not that she spends time reflecting. She doesn't. Toga lives too much in the present to be bothered by such things. Still, she can't remember the last time she had a friend her age. There was that Mustard boy, but they didn't get much of a chance to interact before he got arrested.

Unable to bark back, Bakugou growls into his gag. It's an ugly sound that makes Toga's skin prickle and her grin widen.

"I know," Toga coos, as though she knows exactly what he'd been unable to convey. "I feel the same." With a dreamy sigh, Toga clutches her knife to her chest, rocking forward on her heels.

"Don't worry. We can play soon — once Tomura-kun says so."

This time, Bakugou hisses. Considering him, Toga sucks her lower lip between her canines. She gives the soft skin a few good chomps before she speaks again.

"We should get to know each other." She taps the corner of her mouth and then nods. "We're gonna be working together, after all. I'm sure Tomura-kun would agree. He'd want us to be close."

"I feel like I can trust you. Hold this." With as much grace as a drunk toddler, Toga drops her knife in Bakugou's lap. He doesn't flinch, but his shoulders tense. He's probably as eager as she is to be able to have a proper conversation. Toga feels warm when she thinks about it.

Bakugou *does* flinch, ever so slightly, when Toga reaches for his face, and his cheeks burn red as she fumbles while removing his gag.

“Dabi-kun didn’t tell me you smell like caramell!” Toga squeals, tossing aside the gag and reclaiming her knife. Bakugou wets his mouth but doesn’t respond.

“You can call me Himiko,” Toga smiles, plopping down to sit cross-legged in front of him. “And I think I’ll call you…” she pauses and puffs her cheeks. “Oh! I know. I’ll call you Kacchan. That’s what Izuku-kun called you back there, right?”

At this, Bakugou chokes. It’s an entirely unexpected reaction, but Toga can’t be bothered.

“It’s that or Katsuki, I guess,” Toga shrugs. Of course, she can’t use his surname; they’re supposed to be best friends.

“But since Izuku-kun uses it, I think it’s the best choice.” Toga wraps her arms around herself, imagining what it must feel like to hug her green-haired crush. “Dontcha think?”

“Don’t.” There’s extra gravel in Bakugou’s growl, no doubt from being unable to speak for so long.

“Huh?” Toga shoots him a questioning look. He doesn’t respond, choosing to glare through her.

So, she resumes her chatter.

“Your quirk is pretty cool. I bet that’s part of why Tomura-kun wants you. We don’t really have anyone like you yet, so you should feel special, okay!”



“I don’t need *you* to tell me that.”

As soon as the words leave Bakugou, his jaw clacks shut again, and a vein bulges in his forehead. He still won’t meet Toga’s inquisitive gaze, and she’s starting to feel put out — but only a smidge.

“My quirk is pretty fun too,” Toga purrs. She rubs the side of her neck and hunches in on herself with a lovesick smile. Her face flames with a brilliant blush that rivals Ochako-chan’s permanently pink cheeks.

Toga knows what it means to yearn. For her, there is a thrill in *wanting*, which makes the pursuit of fulfilling her whims pleasurable in a way that others cannot begin to understand. She loves openly and with complete abandon. As such, Toga nurses a generous handful of crushes, more than Stain-sama, Deku-kun, and Ochako-chan alone. Still, there is no greater love affair in Toga’s life than that of her lust for blood. It’s a hunger born deep in her, resulting from her quirk’s manifestation.

So, as she sits before Bakugou, offering to show off her quirk and longing to cut him go hand in hand. To Toga, it’s such a natural desire that she doesn’t think anything of the flash in Bakugou’s eyes when she hops to her feet, knife at the ready.

“I just need,” Toga pants, her eyes hooded, “a little blood. Just a teeny-tiny bit of it.”

Running her thumb along the flat edge of her blade, Toga bites her lip hard enough to crack the skin. She sucks on the bruising flesh, humming as the copper taste of blood blossoms on her tongue.

“How about you untie me, and I’ll show you *my* quirk,” Bakugou grits out, straining in his chair.

A whimper escapes Toga, and her brow wrinkles.

Of course, she knows what Bakugou's quirk can do, but that doesn't change the fact that she hasn't gotten to see it up close. Still, she won't be able to settle down until she cuts him a little.

"If I untie you, are we gonna play?" Toga cants her head, and a hopefulness that makes her seem innocent bleeds into her features, widening her eyes and parting her lips.

"If you wanna call it that, fine by me." A cocksure smirk distorts Bakugou's face, and the pure ego in his tone makes Toga's heart thump with renewed fervor. They're really going to play. Bakugou is going to let her cut him.

It's hard not to shake from excitement, but Toga manages as she starts fiddling with Bakugou's restraints. Kneeling, she frees his legs. For a moment, Bakugou's muscles tense as if he's preparing to kick, but he stays still and allows Toga to undo the bindings around his chest.

"You'll need your hands?" Toga chirps when Bakugou stands, shaking out his legs and rolling his shoulders and neck.

"What do you think?" His expression is flat, but the heat in his voice is searing.

"Kay!" Toga beams up at him.

Her tongue peeks past her lips as she examines the heavy, quirk-canceling cuffs shackling him. Toga doesn't have the key, nor is it in the bar. It's probably with Kurogiri or Shigaraki, but that matters little as Toga's hair is littered with bobby pins. Tugging one out of a bun, she blows a clump of loose hair out of her eyes and jams the pin into the cuff's lock.

In the silence of the bar, the click of the cuffs unlocking feels loud, though not as harsh as the sound they make hitting the floor.

Rubbing his wrists, Bakugou plants his feet wide with a slight bend in his knees.

“Alright, Slasher,” he growls, rolling the new nickname through the gravel in his throat. Fledgling explosions spark from his hands, and his vermillion eyes lock on Toga.

“Let’s fuckin’ play.”

His words are too much. Toga can’t hold back any longer.

With the same zeal she’d had in the forest, Toga dances forward, but Bakugou is already moving, leaping out of her range. That’s no good. So, Toga pounces again. She dodges Bakugou’s palm, narrowly avoiding the explosion that rings out behind her head. It’s not as big of a blast as she’d expected. Silly Kacchan is holding back. Then again, it’s considerate of him not to blast the bar to pieces.

Growing impatient, Toga charges Bakugou, grinning and swiping her blade through the air in sweeping arcs. Like Ochako-chan, he outmaneuvers the head-on attack. Pivoting out of her line of sight, he grabs her by the wrist and back, slamming her to the floor.

This won’t do — not when she hasn’t gotten to taste his blood. Giggling, Toga spreads her knees, twists her hips, and scissors her legs until she can wedge one under Bakugou’s knee. Rolling onto her shoulder, she twists out of his hold and wiggles through his legs.

“Oh, Kacchan,” Toga squeals, throwing her weight onto his back before he can distance himself. “Are you having fun? I am!”

Grunting, Bakugou grabs one of Toga’s arms, tugging down and pulling her over his shoulder in a breathtaking flip that leaves her gasping when she hits the ground. Before he can blast her, though, she rolls and scampers out of reach.

“You know, you might actually be cute if you just bled a little,” Toga giggles.

“Cut me, and I’ll blow you up so bad they won’t be able to piece you back together,” Bakugou yells, letting off an explosion that singes a flyaway strand of Toga’s hair.

“Ha! I’m gonna cut you anyway!”

It’s been ages since Toga has had this much fun, and they’re only just getting started. No amount of threats is going to stop her from spilling blood. It didn’t work at home or at school, and it won’t work now.

Of course, Bakugou puts up a good fight; that’s half the fun and part of what makes him so cool. Still, there’s no blood yet, and Toga is dying to remedy that.

Whipping her arm, Toga throws her knife at Bakugou and pulls another out of her sleeve. He dodges the first but isn’t able to escape unscathed when she hurls the second in the direction he’d ducked. It knicks his outer bicep and blood wells around the cut.

Lunging forward, Toga knocks Bakugou’s arm up and away as he aims another explosion at her chest. The blast scorches the ceiling and sends debris raining down around them. Unphased, Toga dives for Bakugou’s bleeding bicep.

“Oo! Get off of me!” Bakugou bellows. He grabs Toga by the hair, but it’s too late. She’s already latched onto his arm.

Tangy, metallic nectar coats Toga’s tongue, and she swallows his blood down with a happy moan, her nose wrinkling in satisfaction as her skin begins to tingle. Swiping at his other arm, she forces him to release his hold on her hair and dances back. By the time she’s reclaimed some distance, her transformation is complete.

“What the fuck?” Bakugou spits, his eyes blowing wide.

“I told you my quirk is fun,” Toga beams, flapping her arms. “All I need is a little blood, and I can look like anyone! Even you! Isn’t that awesome?” She gives herself a hug and then pats her chest.

“Wow, Kacchan. You’re really fit! Everything about you is so firm.”

“You don’t get to use my body, you shitty copycat,” Bakugou roars. Now, he’s the one charging, his palms sparking with pre-explosions.

The blast that goes off this time is bigger than any of the others. It shakes the walls of the hideout and sets the barstools on fire. Toga manages to shy away from the worst of the damage, but not without considerable sweat. In fact, her palms are perspiring at an alarming rate.

A jarring sound cracks too close for comfort. Toga’s palms begin to smart, but she doesn’t have time to pay attention to the pain, too busy avoiding the second blast that Bakugou unleashes on her.

She throws her third blade at him, but it slips in her sweaty grip and spirals out of control, missing him by a wide margin. Wiping her hands on her skirt, Toga pulls two knives from her other sleeve.

Both blonds, one cursing and one giggling, clash in the center of the bar. Bakugou’s open palm is pressed to Toga’s ribcage, and she’s got a blade pressed to his side, her other kissing his throat.

For a fraction of a second, they’re frozen in their deadly tango.

Then, the bar door slams open.

“One of you better be Toga,” Shigaraki seethes from the doorway. His hand is at his neck, scratching with an intensity only aggravation can cause.

Before either can respond, black mist envelopes them, warping their hands to different parts of the room where they can't reach each other.

"Toga Himiko, what is the meaning of this?" Kurogiri's eyes glow dangerously as his head snakes toward her and Bakugou.

"Playtime is over," Twice tuts in a stern voice. "I can't believe I missed it!" As usual, his wailing is plaintive and overdramatic.

"Tomura-kun," Toga pouts, letting her disguise melt off in gooey, gray clumps. "We were just playing. He was showing me his quirk, and I was showing him mine."

"You were going to kill him," Dabi drawls, pushing past Shigaraki and heading behind the smoldering bar.

"Was not!" Sticking her tongue out, Toga attempts to fling a knife at Dabi, but it bounces off the wall closest to her warped hand and clatters to the floor. "I just wanted to see him bleed a little."

Retracting her arms, Toga pockets her remaining knife and bounds around Kurogiri's portals. Beaming, she throws herself at Bakugou, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"I'm not gonna kill my best friend, silly," she hums, squishing her flushed cheek against Bakugou. "We're only just getting to know each other! There'll be plenty of time for killing later."









The background is white and decorated with various colorful illustrations of fruits and bones. There are several orange slices, some whole apples, and a few bones, some of which are blue and some are red. The fruits and bones are scattered across the page, creating a playful and slightly macabre atmosphere.

A DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY

*written by **sugamint***

*collab art by **lemon***

“Look! Don’t they look like rabbits?”

Toga grinned as she showed off the plate of apple slices. They had been peeled in a way where the remaining apple skin resembled rabbit ears. Twice nodded eagerly, bobbing his head so quickly that Toga couldn’t help grinning a little wider in response.

With a downwards swing of her arm, she stabbed one with her knife. Juice spurted from the ripened apple. She lifted it and waved the knife at Twice.

“Here, have one!”

“For me? Thank you, Toga! How cute!”

Twice leaned in, pulling up his mask. He tugged the apple slice off her knife with his teeth. He hummed as he chewed, eyes curving into crescents as he smacked his lips. It was strange how expressive he could be despite the mask. Shigaraki swore that was a blush he saw.

“Would anyone else like some?”

The leader of the League of Villains shook his head. He didn’t particularly like fruits, preferring the texture of meat instead.

He'd only bought those apples for them because they were discounted.

Toga sneezed. It was a tiny, squeaky sound.

"Bless you," Compress said politely.

"Thanks." Toga sniffled, hugging herself for warmth. Twice's brow crinkled when he saw the way she shivered. He glanced at Shigaraki, then back to Toga. He repeated this process until Shigaraki got annoyed.

"Just say whatever's on your mind, Twice," Shigaraki grumbled, patience running thin.

"Oh! In that case!" He clapped his hands together. "It's getting pretty cold now. Don't you think we need a wardrobe change?"

Toga perked up in interest. She waved her hand in the air for attention.

"Tomura! I want a scarf! A coat! Gloves! Winter boots!"

Shigaraki sighed. He didn't want to spend more money, not on things like *clothes*. Food was essential and made sense to purchase. Couldn't they survive the winter with vitamins from fruits? This was so troublesome. He scratched his itching neck, pinky raised in the air. The lack of humidity in this place dried out his skin. If anything, they should be buying a humidifier.

"Make Dabi use his fire or something."

"What am I, a human heater?" Dabi scoffed, clearly displeased by the idea.

"Please!" Toga pleaded, clutching her hands together.

She used her best puppy dog eyes. The most annoying thing was how Twice mimicked her. Two sets of pleading eyes were on Shigaraki now.

“Just a coat!” Toga bargained, holding up a single finger. “One coat and I won’t ask for anything else, Tomura!”

Shigaraki squinted at the pair of villains. He knew they could keep it up all day and then some if he didn’t agree to their request. They better work hard for him from now on.

“One coat.”

Toga and Twice cheered.



Dead leaves crunched below their feet as they walked on the streets. It was a sign that Autumn was coming. The temperatures had been steadily declining, and the trees on the streets had been changing from bright green to yellow and orange. Toga and Twice took turns jumping into piles of leaves, giggling like excited children.

Dabi sighed. Shigaraki had ordered him to be Toga and Twice’s escort, putting him in charge of holding the wallet. Their leader, rightfully, didn’t trust Toga or Twice with the money. One time, Twice’s clones went wild, buying the exact same fucking shirt for themselves. All sixty of them. Their finances were in a sorry state.

“I’ll block the wind for you!” Twice spread his arms out, standing against the wind. Sniffling, Toga giggled at Twice’s antics. She looked cold, but that didn’t stop her from being cheerful.

“You’re the best, Jin,” she cooed, patting him on his bicep. Twice beamed, doubling his efforts at being her bodyguard.

He glared out at the space in front of him as though he could intimidate the wind into leaving.

Dabi shook his head. Dumbasses.

“Oi, nutjobs. It’s this way.” Dabi jabbed his finger at the largest discount store in town. The other two villains stopped chasing a frightened stray cat, perking up in interest.

“I hope they have pretty coats! Fluffy ones!”

Toga ran around the store once they entered. It resembled her prior mad dash towards piles of leaves to jump in them, except now she was gathering a mountain of clothes in her arms. Twice seemed to be at a loss, looking left and right at the copious amount of women’s fashion. Dabi already felt like this would be a long day.

“Do you even need the changing room if you’re just trying on coats?”

“Boo, you’re no fun, Dabi. Giving a fashion show is a big part of clothes shopping! Right, Twice?”

Twice nodded rapidly. Of course, he would. He was whipped for Toga. Dabi rolled his eyes, waving his hands towards the changing room.

“Make it quick. We don’t have all day.”

Toga cheered, rushing into an empty changing room.

Dabi sighed as he sunk into the plush seats outside of the changing rooms. With the amount of coats Toga had taken, they would be here for a while.. Honestly, he could fall asleep. The sofa here was nicer than the worn-out mattress he had at their headquarters.

The soft background music was like a lullaby.

The only annoyance was the way Twice kept jiggling his legs in excitement. It caused the entire sofa to vibrate. God, he hoped Toga wouldn't take all day.

The sound of giggling before the changing room's door opened should have served as a warning.

Dabi immediately narrowed his eyes with disapproval.

Toga was wearing *anything* but a coat. There was a feathery pink boa hanging around her shoulders. The girl wore one of those dumb Millennial shirts that said 'RAWR XD.' With a black choker and rainbow arm warmers covering her wrist to her elbows, she was the definition of an early 2000s emo girl.

"Isn't this a *totally* rocking outfit? RAWR!" She tried her best to make the 'XD' face and Dabi...

Dabi wanted to be anywhere but here. She looked ridiculous. Dabi didn't want to be associated with her.

"RAWR!" Twice cheered in reply, making raptor claws at her. Toga mimicked the movement, and a smitten Twice whipped out his phone to take pictures. "You're so cute! So lovely! I want to buy the entire store for you!"

"We are only here to. Buy. A. Coat," Dabi stressed.



Under his irritated glare, Toga pouted and returned to the changing room. He could hear her calling him a wet blanket under her breath, but he didn't give a damn.

"How about this one? It's so cute!"

Toga flung the door open, twirling. It was a long, hot pink jacket with oversized sleeves. It would clearly hinder her movements and was highly unfunctional. What even were the dozens of little pom-pom balls dangling off it for? It looked ridiculous. She would be a walking target. She flapped her sleeves at them happily as Twice took pictures of her from multiple angles.

Dabi blanched.

"Rejected."

"Why! It's a great coat!"

"Rejected."

"Boo," Toga pouted, closing the door again.

Did he have to react to every single coat? Dabi felt drained already.

Within a minute, the door opened again. The coat Toga had on reminded Dabi of a disco ball. It was glittery and silver, sparkling where the light hit the sequin fabric. It hurt his eyes to look at her. That wasn't even the worst part.

Ring-a-ling!

The useless bells on the outfit jingled loudly with the slightest movement.

Toga even had a matching silver choker with a bell on it. She also had a white cat ears headband. The continuous ringing would drive him insane. It already *was*. The coat was the most obnoxious piece of fashion Dabi ever had the misfortune to lay his eyes on.

Dabi spat out venomously, with the most disdain he could muster in his voice, **“No.”**

There was no need for any other words. Toga huffed. “You’re so hard to please, Dabi!”

“Me? You’re the crazy one here.” Toga slammed the door with as much strength as she could muster before Dabi could finish. “You walking fashion disaster.”

“What’s wrong? It was cute,” Twice asked in confusion, causing Dabi to roll his eyes. Perhaps there was another reason Shigaraki asked him to chaperone these two idiots. They were insane. Their tastes were abominably questionable.

“Now this is *cute!*”

Dabi had a bad feeling even before she opened the door. A feeling which was proven right. Toga was wearing a ridiculously fluffy, pure white hoodie. Cleaning difficulties aside, it came with floppy rabbit ears and a tail. She hopped in place as Twice snapped photographs of her from different angles. The ears bounced as she hopped, and she squealed with delight.

Dabi groaned, dragging a hand across his weary face. Why did Shigaraki pick him for the babysitting job?

“I’m beginning to question your fashion sense. Are you messing with us on purpose?”

“Huh? Dabi, don’t you think I look adorable?”

“Stay here, you idiot. I’ll pick one for you.”

He stalked across the store, eyeing the various racks with his hands in his pockets. God, most of these clothes were so stupid and tacky. That’s what they got for shopping at a discount store, he supposed. Finally, he spotted what he was looking for.

Coats on sale! 2900 yen to 6900 yen!

Dabi dug through the mountain of coats, settling on one that looked normal. It looked about Toga’s size. He walked back to the waiting duo and flung the coat in Toga’s face. She staggered a little from the impact. Twice gasped loudly as though he was the one who had been hit.

“Wear this one.”

“Okaaaay,” Toga said obediently, heading back into the changing room without protest. Once the door closed, Twice grabbed Dabi by the shoulders, shaking him roughly.

“You can’t do that, Dabi! You have to treat girls kindly!”

“Let go, Twice, or I’ll turn you into barbecue.”

“How dare you treat our goddess like that!” Twice yelled one moment, before making a scared expression. He let go of Dabi as though burned. “Sorry, Dabi!”

“Goddess? That pipsqueak?”

Twice’s expression twisted to one of anger again. “I’ll dig out your eyeballs and replace them with new ones!”

Dabi had long since grown used to Twice's mental instability. The man's bark was a lot worse than his bite. Dabi chose to ignore Twice. It was best to let him argue with himself at moments like this.

"Hehe!"

Toga's cheerful giggle could be heard even before she stepped out of the dressing room. This time, she was dressed in the cream coloured winter coat Dabi had chosen. It was minimalistic but functional.

"This is so warm and comfy!" Toga squealed, hugging herself. A wide grin spread across her face, and her sparkling eyes were full of infectious joy. Twice was beaming, and the corners of Dabi's lips twitched up in the semblance of a smile.

"We'll get this one, then," Dabi declared. It was the most normal one of the lot thus far, and he didn't want to sit through another hour of a fashion show.

"Yay! I want to wear this home!"

"Move your ass over here for a moment."

She complied. Toga leaned down when Dabi grabbed her by the collar. Checking the back of the coat, his eyes widened at the price tag.

6900 yen, original price 12,000 yen.

It was the most expensive coat out of the lot. Fuck inflation. Fuck the entire capitalist society. Did they want people to freeze to death during winter? The hell were clothes so expensive for? To line rich men's wallets?

“Dabi?” she whined when he didn’t let go.

Coming to his senses, he let go of her. He wanted to just steal the damn coat, but they had to lie low for now.

Dabi slammed their yen bills onto the counter with too much force. The poor salesgirl flinched.

“We’re getting that.” He jabbed his thumb towards Toga.

“Oh, sure! Give me a moment. I’ll scan the barcode.”

The salesgirl cut off the price tag from Toga’s new coat, removing the security tag as well. Toga hummed a happy little tune under her breath as they waited.

As they left the store, Toga asked curiously, “Dabi, aren’t you getting a coat?”

“I don’t need one. I hate the heat.”

“You’re so weird, Dabi. Heat is so nice! You always wait for your soup to cool before drinking it too. Do you have a cat’s tongue? Meow!” She mimed cat paws, pawing at him teasingly.

Dabi grabbed her head and shoved her away from him. Toga giggled. He always played rough with her. It was like having an older brother. She hugged his arm tightly, undeterred. He didn’t understand why Toga always wanted to cling to him when he smelt like burnt flesh and smoke. Twice looked immensely jealous that Dabi was getting *unwanted* attention from Toga.

The tall villain mimed a cutting motion across his throat.

Dabi sighed heavily again. These two big children.

“Oi, cling to Twice if you’re cold.”

Twice was instantly all sunshine and rainbows as Toga left Dabi’s side. Toga jumped onto Twice’s back, demanding a piggyback ride that the other was way too happy to give.

“Heyyyy, Dabi. Can we get some ice cream? Pretty please?”

Dabi thought about it. With the amount of money that they had left in the leather wallet...

“Whatever. Not much else we can get with... 580 yen.”

They walked home as Twice and Toga enthusiastically discussed the best ice cream flavours.











BROKEN THINGS

written by *starship-phoenix*

collab art by *mesquee*

Himiko is lying upside down on the couch, feet slung over the back, head dangling over the edge, when she has a *thought*.

The pounding, throbbing, pulsing in her skull from her heart pumping blood away from her brain is a reminder that she's alive. Her heart is trying to keep her brain thinking, and her brain is trying to keep her heart beating. It hurts, in some kind of messed up, poetic way. Life hurts—that's what makes it precious. Pain is beautiful, and the absence of pain is... something.

It's getting a little hard to think. Her eyeballs feel like they're going to pop out of their sockets, and her head feels like someone is stepping on it, but that's when the idea strikes. Or maybe that's a migraine coming.

Himiko sits up so fast that her vision does funny things for a few seconds. The world spins around her, and a kaleidoscope of colors dance around in front of her eyes.

As the blood drains from her head, her thought settles, and she can *feel* how right it is.

There hadn't been much time for thinking right after the League beat the Meta Liberation Army. But things have calmed down a little bit. Now, Himiko is free to think about what happened without reliving the memories of almost dying.

She'd been able to use Ochako's quirk. She thinks it's because she wants to be like Ochako so bad it *hurts*. She loves her and wants to be her and she even used Ochako's quirk to kill that reporter lady. So if she can just understand her other friends in that same way, she should be able to use *their* quirks as well, right?

She can *help* them. She can help Tomura win—because Tomura is her friend, and she is his.



"Hey, Tomuraaaaaaaa," Himiko coos, leaning over the table and placing her chin on her hands.

"Whatever it is, no," Tomura says, not bothering to look up from his newspaper. It reminds her of her parents. That casual dismissal of her existence. Tomura's not usually like that, though. Himiko wonders if being a Grand Commander means being different than before.

If being responsible for other people makes you indifferent to them. If so, she'll have to be loud enough to make him listen.

Himiko pouts. "But you didn't even hear my proposal!"

Tomura lowers his newspaper and peers over the top. "Does it involve murder?"

Himiko considers Tomura carefully. Is this a trick question?

"No?" she answers slowly. "But it can!" she adds hastily with a smile. There, that covers all the bases.

Tomura sighs. "Fine. What is it?"

Excitement gushes out of her. "Can I have your blood?"

Tomura blinks. Then blinks again. Then narrows his eyes in suspicion.

Himiko licks her lips.

"Is this a need or a want?"

Himiko considers. Does she *need* Tomura's blood, or does she *want* it?

She picked Tomura out of necessity. Not because he's her favorite. He isn't. *Jin* is. And not because she understands him, because does *anyone* understand him?

She picked Tomura because she knows, without asking, that Jin would never let her use his quirk. Not even after his breakthrough with it. He'd say it was too risky and traumatic. It's a shame because Himiko has never gotten to stab *herself* before, and that would have been a neat thing to do. She can't ask Mr. Compress because the man is an enigma and likes to keep it that way.

Nor can she ask Spinner. As much as they've bonded over Stain, his quirk is kind of boring. Not that she'd ever say that to his face, of course.

She wants to test the limits of her quirk, so she needs something *big*. Asking Dabi is out of the question because she's not an *idiot*, so that leaves Tomura.

"I *need* it, Tomura. I want to use your quirk."

That gets his attention. He puts his newspaper down. "You can use other people's quirks?"



After interrogating Himiko for what feels like an eternity and asking her a bunch of questions about her quirk that she doesn't know the answer to, Tomura drags her outside.

They're about a mile deep into the woods before they stop. Either Tomura is super paranoid, or he has a lot of faith in Himiko's ability to replicate his power level. *Or both*, she supposes. It's nice that Tomura believes in her so much. Himiko remembers the crater he left behind in Deika, so it's probably for the best that they're so far away, even if her body is still sore from almost dying.

"Toss me a knife," Tomura says as he pulls a cup he snagged from the kitchen out of his pocket.

She's only joking a little bit when she says, "Awwww, but I wanted to suck right from the vein!"

Tomura makes a face at her, so she hands him a knife instead of begging. She's not gonna *toss* one; his fingers are still busted up.

Himiko thinks it's kind of beautiful how she and her friends won the battle and came out of it bloody and barely alive. It's a testament to how *human* they are. The others don't agree. Poor Jin had sobbed over her clone dying for *ages*. Himiko wishes she'd been awake to see it.

Tomura slices a cut into his arm without flinching and catches his blood in the cup. Himiko can almost taste it, mouth watering and body shaking with excitement.

When there's enough blood in the cup, Tomura hands it to her. Then he wraps a bandage around his wound, covering up the slice of red and hiding it from Himiko's sight. But that's okay because Himiko has a whole *cup* of blood in her hand.

She puts the cup to her lips and tilts it back, eyes closed. The blood flows into her mouth, coating her tongue, sliding down her throat. Himiko imagines Tomura's blood settling inside her. Pictures it reaching out and flowing through her body, filling every crack of her and enveloping her in his essence. It's warm, like a reassuring smile or a declaration of victory. Warm like Tomura. When she opens her eyes, she *is* Tomura. The real Tomura is looking at her—at himself—with a strange expression.

Himiko smiles.

"Don't do that with my face."

Himiko giggles. Tomura's face scrunches up.

"That's even worse."

"Okay, okay," she says, smothering the laughter. "I'll try to be more like you. I guess I should anyway if I want to use your quirk."

She looks down at the cup in her hand and swipes her finger along the rim, catching the excess blood. She brings it up to her mouth and sucks it clean. She thinks about Tomura's quirk.

She's seen Decay loads of times. Tomura touches something, and the object turns into dust. It's kind of like Ochako's quirk in that it should happen if she uses all five fingers. Himiko smiles at the comparison between two people she loves very much and touches her fifth finger to the cup, imagining it turning to dust.

Nothing happens. Himiko looks at Tomura. He's frowning like someone just told him his dog died.

"So it's not automatic, then," he muses to himself.

"I can try again!"

She switches hands and tries again. Nothing happens. She squeezes the cup really hard. Nothing happens.

Why isn't it working? What is she doing wrong?

Does she not love Tomura enough? The love she feels for the League *is* different from the love she feels for Ochako. Is that it? Is it because she doesn't *really* want to be Tomura?

There's a buzzing sound, and Himiko looks up, heart pounding. Tomura pulls his phone from his pocket with two fingers and looks at the screen. He sighs, reminding her of her parents when she'd try to show them something cool and they'd sigh as if she exhausted them.

She isn't exhausting Tomura, is she?

"I have to go settle a dispute. Keep trying until the blood runs out, I guess." He looks a little disappointed.

Himiko bites her lip.

“Okay,” she says, echoing Tomura’s disappointment. She wants to see Tomura’s face when she uses his quirk, but him being the Grand Commander *is* more important.

Himiko watches Tomura weave his way through the trees, back towards the mansion, until he’s out of sight.

She looks down at the cup in her hand.

Maybe it didn’t work because she doesn’t understand Tomura as much as she thinks she does.

So, who *is* Shigaraki Tomura?

Himiko thinks about what he’d told Ujiko—about how he feels empty inside and wants to destroy everything he hates.

Himiko wants to see the things she *loves* broken and bloody.

It’s kind of funny how quirks can sometimes give you what you want most.

Himiko and Tomura aren’t all that different when she thinks about it. Himiko wants to become the people she loves, and her quirk lets her. Tomura wants to destroy the things he hates, and his quirk lets him.

Or maybe it’s the other way around. Himiko sighs. It’s all so confusing. Tangled up in knots and she can’t find the end. Which came first, the person or their quirk? Was she always destined to be this way? Was Tomura? If so, why would the world punish them for being who they were born to be?

Heat builds in Himiko’s stomach. She clenches her fist around the cup. It’s so *unfair*. She hates that everyone used to tell her to be normal: her parents, doctors, teachers, classmates. She hates them.

Everyone. The whole world.

She hates how that same world hurt Tomura. It hurt *all* of her friends. It beat them up for no reason and told them to deal with it, and then when they did, it spat on them like it was their fault they'd been hurt.

They've all been through so much pain, and all because the most special part of them makes other people uncomfortable. It isn't fair, but Himiko thinks that's what makes her friends so beautiful. The pain they feel means that they're *alive*. Their scars are proof that the world isn't strong enough to break them. *They're* the ones going to break the *world*.

She looks down at the cup in her hand. She hates it. She hates how it won't do what she wants it to do.

She just wants it to *break*.

It does.

The cup shatters in her hand, shards of plastic cutting into her palm. She gasps, excitement rushing through her as pinpricks of blood bead out of her skin. She did it! That was *Tomura's quirk*. She destroyed the thing she hated. And it felt *good*. No wonder Tomura wants to destroy everything if it feels this good to watch things fall apart. It's just as good as seeing people covered in blood. She wants to do it again.

Except... that wasn't *exactly* Tomura's quirk. The cup didn't turn to dust. Instead, the plastic fell apart in large chunks. She could probably glue it back together if she wanted to.

Why didn't it turn to dust?

Why didn't it work earlier?

Can she do it twice?

Himiko summons those feelings again. The ones she shares with Tomura. The anger, the desire to *break*. She lets her feelings at the world bubble beneath her skin until it feels like she's going to rip open if she doesn't let them out. And then, she touches five fingers to the ground.

Immediately, the earth splinters and cracks under her hand, lines of decay rapidly expanding outward. When the decay catches up to the trees surrounding her, they shudder and splinter, falling with a crash of branches and a shrieking of birds. All around her, the world that she hates is falling apart.

It's intoxicating. It's beautiful.

The decay only stops when Tomura melts off of her and she becomes Himiko again, sitting in the dirt, enveloped in the destruction that she wrought. She wiggles her bare toes, lets out a euphoric giggle, and lies down on the forest floor, feeling dizzy like she'd just spun in circles.



She understands Tomura now, she thinks.

Pain is beautiful, and the absence of pain is death.





HIMIKO FOGA



THE HEMOGLOBIN CONNOISSEUR





CLOUDY CONNECTIONS

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The team-up with Stain had been... less than ideal.

Shigaraki's plan to draw their presence further into the spotlight had been strong in theory, but the Hero Killer was not nearly as on board with Shigaraki's ideals as he'd hoped. In fact, they had incomparably different approaches that led to an attack, orchestrated entirely by Shigaraki, being attributed to the Hero Killer.

Still, it was their master's wish that they grow their numbers and expand into something *stronger*. Something that would be known. Shigaraki was displeased, of course. Giran had mentioned that the new recruits were followers of Stain.

Expanding the League of Villains' footprint and bringing in new recruits was exactly what they needed to enact the master's will. Shigaraki, practically still a child, would learn to get over his distaste of Stain.

Kurogiri gazed down the alley, which Giran had described as their meeting place, inclining his head slightly to the arms dealer before stepping further into the shadows. He'd barely taken a few steps before a knife was thrust at his throat. He warped it away before he could even think about it.

The girl in front of him was *tiny*. She wore a school uniform, and her blonde hair tucked into buns that had clearly seen better days. Pulling her arms back and crossing them over her chest, she frowned. “You ruined the fun!”

“Stabbing people, your only source of fun,” the other recruit drawled, drawing Kurogiri’s attention to him in the shadows. His skin was barely held together, his features burnt beyond recognition.

Neither of them were quite the recruits he had been expecting when Giran told him that he had *good* choices.

“Dabi and Toga Himiko,” Giran introduced, stepping behind the two of them with a smirk.

“You can call me Himiko!” she chirped, propping herself up on the balls of her feet. Her grin was wide and showed off her sharp teeth.

“You don’t even know him, brat,” Dabi snorted, looking at her and shaking his head. “Where the hell are we going?”

Giran had said they were able and dedicated. That was enough for Kurogiri to trust that they were right to bring back to the young master.

“Thank you for your assistance, Giran. I trust these two will do well.”

Giran tilted his head before disappearing back into the alley for whatever business he may have next.

“Our base is a little away from here,” Kurogiri explained, starting to walk. He wanted to get out of the way of the buildings and then warp the two of them back to the bar to meet Shigaraki.

“You just expecting us to follow?” Himiko had popped up to follow him, her skipping steps keeping an easy pace.

Dabi, however, remained leaned against the alleyway, eyeing him with distrusting, blue eyes.

“If you would like to be part of this, I expect you to *listen* to me,” Kurogiri spoke slowly, leaving no room for an argument from either. “If you don’t want to come, we’ll be able to find other recruits. Your loyalty doesn’t matter to me until *after* you meet my master.”

“Your master!” Himiko repeated, cupping her face in her hands. “Is he anything like Stain? Will he let me make him *bleed*?”

Kurogiri opened a warp gate in front of himself, standing back to look at the two, not answering Himiko’s question.

“Step through.”

Himiko stepped up to walk through the portal, but Dabi grabbed her arm, glaring at Kurogiri.

“Give us answers.”

“Step through, or I will leave you behind. Shigaraki will not be happy to wait for you.” Kurogiri gestured again at the gate. Himiko wriggled her way out of Dabi’s hold to prance through the portal. Kurogiri turned to Dabi.

“Don’t you have a mind of your own, asshole?” Dabi muttered, stepping through the portal and stamping his feet in a childlike fit.

Kurogiri closed the gate after himself, stepping in front of the building that housed their current hideout.

“It’s so rundown.” Himiko appeared to be pouting. Ignoring her, Kurogiri stepped in front of both of them.

“He’s inside, if you will follow. At this point, if you do anything to make us question your devotion to the League, you will not be let away easily.” Kurogiri led the two inside of the building.

“What? You going to kill us?” Dabi muttered.

“If we must.”

Kurogiri opened the doors to the bar, stepping inside. Shigaraki was sitting at the bar, *still* sulking over the morning’s newspapers.

“I’ve brought our new recruits, Shigaraki Tomura.” Kurogiri walked into the room, leaving the two at the door as he stepped behind the bar.

“Who are they?” Shigaraki was unimpressed. Kurogiri hadn’t anticipated him being excited by the possibility of new recruits, but the way that he eyed them certainly left something to be desired.

“Toga Himiko and Dabi.” Kurogiri gestured to the two of them. Himiko perked up at the sound of her name, parroting her earlier introduction. Dabi rolled his eyes.

“Dabi?” Shigaraki questioned, “What’s your full name?”

“You don’t need to know, asshole,” Dabi retorted. Kurogiri’s mist shifted slightly, preparing for an impending argument. “I’m not here for you, and you don’t need to give a shit who I am.”

“Then why are you here?” Shigaraki rose from his seat slowly, his hand scratching incessantly at his neck.

“For Stain.”

That was the wrong answer. Kurogiri stepped away, eyes trained on the scene unfolding in front of him.

“Someone’s gotta have the right idea about how screwed society is. Guess you’re not exactly him, but close enough.”

“I hope so!” Himiko trilled. “I *love* Stain! I want to kill him!” She said it the way a child would beg their parents for a cat. Shigaraki noticed it immediately.

“I’m nothing like him,” Shigaraki muttered, walking toward the two of them. “Why is everyone so stuck on *Stain*? If you’re here simply because of him, then—”

“Shigaraki, you shouldn’t—” Kurogiri tried to interrupt, but Shigaraki lashed out at the two, who immediately drew quirks and weapons in retaliation.

Before the situation could escalate further, Kurogiri opened portals, separating their hands from each other and effectively ending the disaster before it could begin.

“We need all of the numbers we can get. These two will be loyal, despite their initial impression. You must not act so rashly, Shigaraki Tomura.”

“Whatever,” Shigaraki muttered, pulling his arms from the portal and shoving his way out of the room, his hand scratching harder against his neck. “I’ll think about it.”

Himiko watched him go, her eyes alight. “He could’ve killed us!” It was said without fear. Like she had been hoping for the fight.

“You’re batshit,” Dabi muttered, shoving her off immediately when she held onto his arm, babbling about Shigaraki’s intentions.

Kurogiri looked at her fondly, withdrawing the portals as she tucked her knives away.

Himiko was going to take a lot of training, but he could tell she was a good recruit.

All of the new recruits that came in needed more training. There was no expectation that they would pull people off the streets and have perfect additions to their team. Still, young Shigaraki seemed upset that they required so much training.

He often trained by himself now. He knew how to use his quirk and didn't need to train nearly as much as the new recruits. The only reason he joined their training sessions over the next few days was to show off.

Kurogiri kept an eye on him in case he attempted to harm any of the new recruits, but he usually took to fighting Dabi from across the abandoned building that they used for training.

Kurogiri focused his efforts on Himiko.

She was a sloppy fighter. She tended to go in hard and hope that she could surprise her victim and use their blood to gain the upper hand in the fight. Kurogiri had no blood (he didn't think, he wasn't sure, sometimes he swore—), so he was the perfect training partner. She could come after him.

She was *enthusiastic*.

It had to have been the memories of training his young master that made him want to push her further. She could do so much more; she just needed to learn what she was doing. She needed to step outside of her comfort zone and give new techniques a try.

Espionage, for example, was something they could try with her. If she could sneak attack someone to get their blood, her quirk would give an undeniable advantage. It helped that he could teleport away any weapons she threw his way, forcing her to come up with new

techniques, new ways of fighting.

After a few weeks of training, he felt a knife pierce through the mist of his arm.

“You’re not bleeding,” Himiko pouted, withdrawing the knife and looking at him with her arms crossed over her chest. “I stabbed you. That’s boring!”

“He doesn’t have blood, idiot!” Dabi called from across the room, pushing himself off the wall and waving his hand at the fire he started. Kurogiri opened a portal to transport it somewhere else, setting a building across town on fire with his flames to protect their training grounds.

Dabi wasn’t incorrect, he didn’t think. Kurogiri couldn’t remember having blood, though he also couldn’t remember ever being injured, despite a clawing pain that sometimes interfered with his thoughts. Always the same side of his head, never a new pain. A pounding reminder of *something* that he couldn’t—he couldn’t quite—

Dabi and Himiko were squabbling, and he was quick to throw out portals to separate the two of them before they caused a problem. “It’s time to go back,” he interrupted the argument, opening a larger portal. The two of them stepped through, the young master following shortly after them. He closed the portal to the bar, the strange cloudiness clearing from his head.

Their numbers grew beyond Himiko and Dabi. More and more joined their ranks, and he often heard whispers from Giran about potential recruits.

It wasn’t long before Kurogiri wasn’t the only one sent out on recruiting missions. Himiko and Dabi, as their two members who had been with them the longest, tended to be the ones sent out on these missions.

It was above the young master, or so he said. Kurogiri had better things to argue with him about.

He tended to be their transportation. It was only logical, after all, as his quirk provided a quick way to and from their headquarters.

“They were all *awful*,” Himiko whined, throwing herself against his body. He hadn’t often touched people before she joined the League, but there was some sort of physical manifestation to his form that allowed her to lean against him, the mist still covering his form. “I didn’t want to let a *single one* in.”

“Did you allow any to survive?” Kurogiri questioned. Himiko and Dabi both tended to *take care* of their recruits rather than leave them to wander the streets.

“I got lots of new blood!” she exclaimed, which he supposed was just another way to answer his question. She held up a few vials, licking her lips. “All of them *bled*, Kurogiri!”

“That’s good to hear,” he murmured, mentally checking off all of the names he had given her for that day. Oh well. They’d picked up a few before this mission, so it wasn’t the worst results they could have gotten.

He teleported them back to the bar, watching her skip up to the counter to show Magne and Twice her new finds. At least, they were both enthusiastic. Kurogiri watched them for a moment, unable to look away from her excitement. Her eyes were bright as she explained the situation, her pointy teeth shining under the dingy lights of the bar.

The temptation to smile hovered at the forefront of his mind as he stepped back to discuss the results with the master.

Himiko got along better with the other recruits than Dabi or young Shigaraki did. She was often seen lying around their headquarters, chatting with Magne and Twice.

She looked incredibly *young* when she spoke with them.

The three were sitting on the floor, Himiko draped across Twice's lap as she held onto Magne's hand, haphazardly slapping polish onto her fingers. Magne commented every so often about the colors that she wanted, but let Himiko lead the way.

Kurogiri walked to them without realizing what he was doing.

"Kurogiri!" Himiko shouted excitedly, twisting off of Twice's lap and grinning at him. Her hair was pulled up into her usual buns. Bright clips and ribbons were tied into the strands, causing her to stand out more than usual. She had nail polish as well, her nails each a different bright color, the polish clearly applied by someone other than herself. "I'm about to finish Big Sis Mag's nails. Do you want a turn?"

"Himiko, honey. I'm pretty sure he doesn't have nails," Magne commented, eyeing him. Kurogiri shook his head but sat down with the three of them.

Himiko grabbed onto his hand, frowning when her fingers slipped through the layer of mist, finding no immediate nail to paint upon. She took Magne's hand back, starting to paint the next few.

"That's too bad!" Twice piped up before suggesting, "You could paint his brace!"

Himiko's eyes lit up, staring at Kurogiri in expectation.

"I could! *Please?*" she whined, wiggling until she'd managed to drape herself across his lap, grinning up at him.

Kurogiri immediately shook his head. “You cannot paint my brace.” Her face immediately fell, and he spoke before he could stop himself. “If there’s something you can remove, you can try that. Ribbons or barrettes are fine.”

Himiko lit up again, quickly painting the last of Magne’s nails before sitting up, pulling her box of clips and ribbons she had gathered to her lap. He wasn’t sure where she had gotten all of these things. He knew that Twice had stolen some for her, and Magne had brought a few whenever she came to the bar to talk with them.

The rest likely came from Himiko’s victims or others on the street who’d had things that she wanted. She was very enthusiastic and very dedicated to her ways. It was admirable, in a way, and he wasn’t going to stop her from gathering the things as long as it didn’t draw unnecessary attention to the League.

(A part of him he didn’t quite understand was *happy* to see her smile. She always looked so pleased when she showed back up with a new piece of ribbon to tie in her hair.)

“Kurogiri!” the young master’s voice interrupted the giggles of the three, and Kurogiri immediately rose, dislodging Himiko’s hands from his brace. “Get in here!”

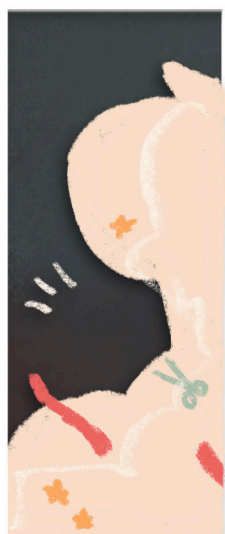
“I need to go,” he said, walking to the back of the room.

“What the hell are you wearing?” Shigaraki eyed him, rolling his eyes.

Kurogiri reached down to brush his fingers against the ribbons. A pink bow was attached to his tie, sparkling even under the dimmest lights in Shigaraki’s room.

“I was speaking with young Himiko.”

“Clearly,” Shigaraki drawled, rolling his eyes.



He started to dive into the updates that the master had given him while Kurogiri gazed at the various ribbons Himiko had tied to him.

It was late when he was done with the update from Shigaraki. Kurogiri exited into the thankfully dark and quiet bar, beginning to walk back to his room before pausing.

Himiko had fallen asleep on the floor, her body curled in on itself to keep her warm. He paused, his feet turning to walk to her, pausing to take a blanket off the remains of the couch. He kneeled down beside her.

Kurogiri's fingers brushed over her face, tucking her hair behind her ear. His body didn't have human form, the mist constantly ebbing and flowing to create whatever form it needed to have. While he held a humanoid form, he wasn't sure that...

He didn't think...

He didn't have to, he didn't think.

He wasn't humanoid, he didn't think. He wasn't sure. It was the form he'd always had, as far back as he could remember.

The mist at the ends of his arms dissipated until it was almost as though he had a hand, resting it against her face. She was so *young*. Despite everything that had happened, she was just a seventeen year old who had been alone on the streets.

He couldn't send her back there. She was dedicated to his master, and she was part of their League now. She no longer belonged to the streets. No matter how temporary their home, she had a home with them. She would never have to go back to the streets, not as long as she was dedicated to the League and their mission.

And Kurogiri would protect her. Villain or not, she was just a child.

They were all children, so much younger than they felt.

It was his duty to protect his master's children. She was one of them now.

Kurogiri pulled the blanket over her body, tucking it in to crease against her side, smoothing it out before stepping away.

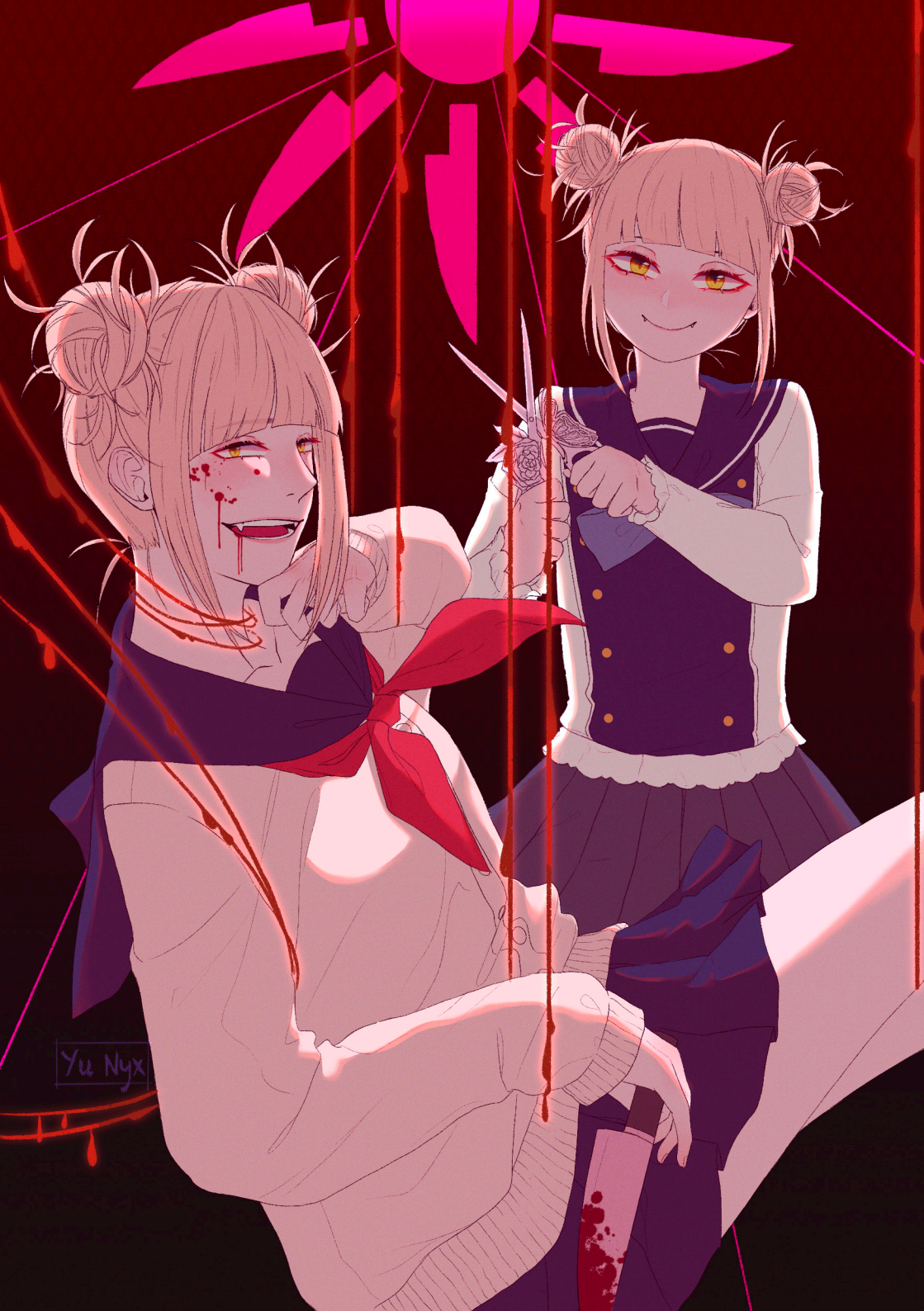
"Goodnight, Himiko," he whispered. "Sleep well."





TALWINS





Yu Nyx

